

SUNG BY
J. RAWSTHORNE SLACK

The Call of The Motherland

PATRIOTIC SONG

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
EDWARD W. MILLER

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The Call of the Motherland

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Tempo marziale

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VOICE

PIANO

1. There's a

hum-ming on the ca-ble, there's a whis-per in the air, There's a
blue Pa-ci-fic wa-ters to the fair At-lan-tic coast, From the

mes-sage stir-ring each Can-a-dian heart, — Once more old Eng-land's scal-ling as she
mountains and the prairies of the west, — All Can-a-da is stir-ring in a

bids her sons pre-pare, To save the world and play a Bri-ton's
vast and might-y host, Pre-pard to of-fer Eng-land of her

part; — But Can - a - da no long - er stands and watch - es from a - far, The
best; What tho' the seas di - vide us, Britain's du - ty is our own, And

hearts of all her sons are beat - ing high; — They speed a - cross the wa - ter and be -
side by side with Britain we will go; — 'Till vic - t'ry rests up - on her flag, she

neath the Brit - ish star, Will show the na - tions how to fight and die: — When
shall not fight a - lone, The Em - pire stands u - nit - ed 'gainst her foe: —

CHORUS
Tempo I

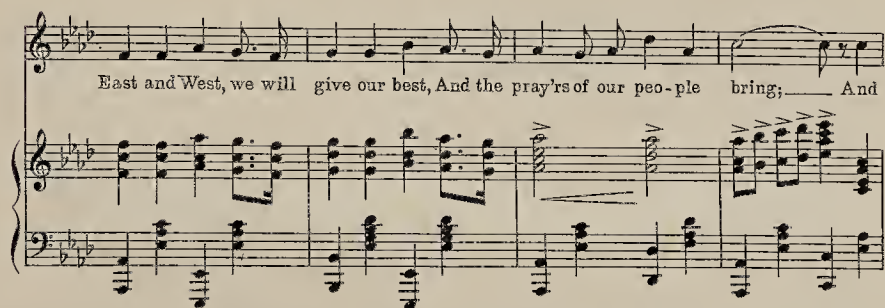
war's a - larms, and the call to arms, Comes a - cross from the Mother - land, — At the

marcato basso

call, as one, each Can - a - dian son, Is read - y to take his stand, — From



East and West, we will give our best, And the pray'rs of our peo - ple bring; — And



side by side with the Empire's pride, We will fight for our Flag and King. —



1.  2. 

2. From the



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